



*Our Artist (who has strolled into a London Terminus). "WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH ALL THESE PEOPLE? IS THERE A PANIC?"
Porter. "PANIC! NO, THIS AIN'T NO PANIC. THESE IS EXCURSIONISTS. THEIR TRAIN LEAVES IN TWO HOURS, SO THEY WANT TO GET A SEAT!"*

A DOG AND HIS DAY.

(Written on the spot.)

6 A.M.—Woke up the household by barking at the sweeps next door. Know them well. Never met a burglar. Fancy I should like them.

7 A.M.—First appearance of cook without her boots. Coming down stairs in the hope of passing master's door without being caught. Barked. Row. Cook received warning, and chivied me. Showed fight, and went off with her boot-lace. Eat a few inches of leather and a couple of wired tags. Indigestible.

8 A.M.—Went for the postman's fingers. Missed them, but eat a letter. Caught it from the boys. Took refuge in my favourite corner.

9 A.M.—Begged at breakfast. Don't care

much for marmalade and porridge. Mutton chop bone good, but better for a couple of days' keeping.

10 A.M.—Exit master. Jumped up, and came down rather roughly on the mat. Chivied the cat.

11 A.M.—Taken up my position in the flower-stand in the dining-room window. Coign of vantage for barking at the passing policeman. Makes him so wild when I have no muzzle. He vows vengeance, calling me "his beauty."

12 NOON.—Chivied the cat. JANE having taken a letter to the pillar-box opposite, managed to escape. Immediately arrested and carried off, to the police-station. Barked.

1 P.M.—Still barking.

2 P.M.—Still barking.

3 P.M.—Rescued. Brought back in

trouble. Existence at the police-station a blank. Too terrible to remember. Hope I bit somebody. Fancy I munched a pair of regulation boots.

4 P.M.—Asleep.

5 P.M.—Asleep.

6 P.M.—Awoke in a bad temper. Chivied the cat, and got through the backs of some of the best books in the library.

7 P.M.—Superintended the dishing-up of the dinner. Cleared some of the plates—prematurely.

8 P.M.—Sent to rest in disgrace.

9 P.M.—Eat my muzzle. A piece of good work to wind up with, at any rate. Closed my eyes with a tranquil conscience. Barked at a policeman—in my sleep!

FACE VALUE.—Good looks.



THE RECENT DECISION OF THE POLICE COMMISSIONER TO ALLOW NO MORE CRICKET IN THE LONDON STREETS HAS SERIOUSLY AFFECTED THE POSITION OF THE TOOK'S COURT ELEVEN. IT WAS A VERY CRACK TEAM—SEE WINDOWS.



"SUCCÈS D'ESTIME."

(At the Theatre Royal, Hague.)

Actor-Manager De Staal. "THEN, I TAKE IT, I MAY INFORM THE AUGUST AUTHOR, WHO IS NOT PRESENT, THAT HIS PIECE IS A—
AHEM—QUALIFIED SUCCESS?"

A MODERN MATERNAL DILEMMA.

YOUNG HARRY BRETT—the tiresome boy!—
Vows he's engaged to VIOLET;
While ARTHUR, to complete my joy,
Insists on marrying HILDA BRETT!
He's one of quite the modern school,
Assures me in manner cool,
Off-hand and hearty,
That love will always find a way
(Whate'er this gibberish may convey)
"Aut vi aut arte."

Tis true that ARTHUR's nearly nine,
And all the others seven or eight,
Yet these engagements, I opine,
Are rather too much up-to-date.
To all my troubles I've to add
That Mrs. BRETT should give—too bad!—
A children's party:
And this is what I want to know—
Ought they to be allowed to go?
Ought VI? Ought ARTY?

THE POINT OF VIEW.—IV.

MR. PUNCH, SIR.—The "Great Servant Question" is coming to a crisis. As I said to a friend of mine last night, what young ladies in service want is *more liberty*. They must have time for biking and other amusements, and for "walking out,"—which is *most important*. As to "no fringe"; well, I never heard such impertinence. And those *hideous* caps and aprons too! Why, if a young lady can't dress as she likes where's the use of being anything?

If you want to make your servants cheerful and obliging, don't bother them with orders. Leave them to do *everything their own way*, and I think you will be surprised! It would be a good plan to take turns with them in the kitchen. Why shouldn't the mistress cook the dinner three days a week, while the master might wash up and break the usual quantity of china? The cook could sit in the dining-room, where she might entertain her friends, whilst the table-maid might practise her piano-lessons in the drawing-room. Where only one servant is kept,



there would be no difficulty, if the family set about the matter heartily, in amusing her for a few hours, if the weather prevented her going out with her young man.

Yours, JEMIMA.



AT A GARDEN PARTY.

Lady Vere de Vere (to a distinguished foreigner). "YOU MUST EXCUSE ME. I KNOW IT'S AWFULLY SILLY OF ME. I KNOW YOUR NAME SO WELL, BUT I CAN'T REMEMBER YOUR FACE!"

THE FIRST OF THE SILLY SEASON.

DEAR SIR,—I see in one of your daily contemporaries that a horse, losing a shoe, knocked up a blacksmith, put out its hoof, and secured the necessary repairs.

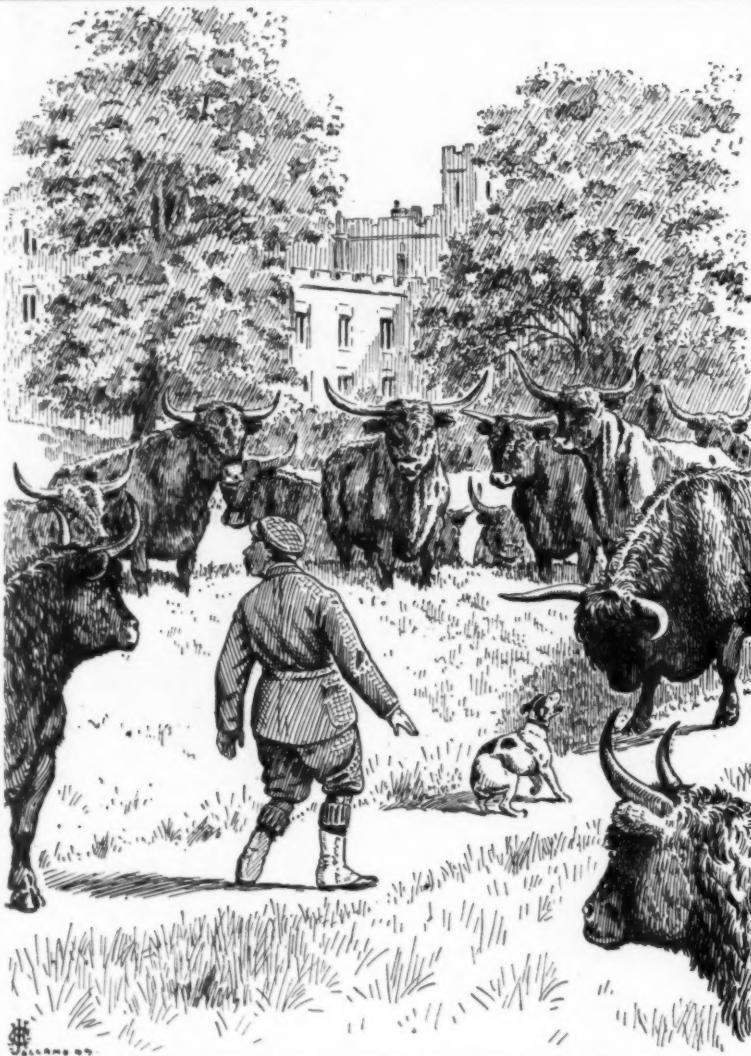
But this is nothing to what my black poodle did during the recent hot weather. Apparently suffering from a headache, Ponto called upon a local vet, put out his tongue and paw, and subsequently paid for a ticket, in postage-stamps, for Paris, and stayed for three weeks at the Pasteur Institute.

But the conduct of an animal friend of my cousin beats the record. The creature finding itself alone in the country, determined to come up to town and have a good time of it. It dined at a pleasant restaur-

rant, managing to take its meal (literally) under a table-cloth. Then it went to the Crystal Palace, and thoroughly enjoyed the exhibits of the Article Club and the paintings in the Picture Gallery. It also delighted in the *Dream of Whitaker's Almanack*. From Sydenham the adventurous animal started for Earl's Court, and not only descended the chute, but went up in the Gigantic Wheel. It after this attended a music-hall or two, and obtained admission and grilled bones at my cousin's favourite club.

And to make the matter stranger, the animal was only a pig. Not a learned pig. His education had been neglected.

Yours rationally,
COLNEY, HATCH & CO., UNLIMITED.
The Retreat, near Hanwell.



"MOTHER, CALL THE CATTLE HOME."

MR. POTTLETON INVESTED IN A HERD OF HIGHLAND BULLOCKS FOR GRAZING, CONSIDERING THEM AS AN ORNAMENT TO HIS PARK. MR. POTTLETON IS BEGINNING TO WISH HE HADN'T.

INTERESTING ITEMS FROM INSULAR REFUGES.

(From Our Special Correspondents.)

BURNLIP.—The weather here is truly seraphic, and reminds one of that usually attributed to the Garden of Eden. Thousands of tourists from the Midlands are mingling with our aristocratic patrons, among whom may be noticed the Duke and Duchess of CASA REALE, Prince BECCARICO, the Earl of STRIPPIT, the Hon. — BROWN-JONES, Sir REGINALD and Lady RIPPER, and Doctor DIONYSIUS DUNBER, of Chicago. A curious accident happened to one of our fishermen yesterday. He was angling for whiting when, to his great surprise, he succeeded in hooking a lobster-pot, to the great amusement of hundreds assembled on the pier. The Catch 'Em Alive Oh! Company are playing to fair houses at the Imperial Theatre.

CURDMOUTH.—Under the beneficent auspices of Phoebus Apollo, our hotelkeepers and landladies are enjoying a right royal harvest. Bedrooms are at a premium, and the absence of "Norfolk Howards" in every domicile has been guaranteed by the Mayor and Corporation. That elegant steam-yacht, *The Crocus*, is now plying daily between this town and neighbouring ports. She generally boasts a full passenger list owing to the attractive strains of Signor GOBBONI's string band and the courtesy of Captain LANDEMALL, her gallant commander. It is reported that the cousin of the *chef* of the GERMAN EMPEROR is staying at the "Cat and Candlestick," and the Royal Ensign of the Fatherland is now freely displayed in the High Street. Every one who stayed away from here last Monday must have enjoyed Bank Holiday very much. The residents didn't.

WOUNDBURGH.—"Welcome all guests"

was the fitting inscription in coloured oil lamps displayed last night over the entrance to the Music-hall gardens. It applied not only to the magnificent, dainty and serio-comic show supplied by Manager MICKLETHWAITE, but also to the honest money-making hand held forth by every inhabitant to the stranger, who wants well doing. Never before has he been so well catered for. An American citizen remarked on Thursday that the donkey in Woundburgh could not be equalled at Saratoga or Brighton Beach. The winkle season is now in full swing, and cabs and crabs are running neck and neck in the race for popular custom. Mr. ANGUS O'FLAHERTY, the celebrated Scottish tragedian, opened last night at the Terpsichore Theatre in *The Delights of the Deuce*. The vicar of the chief parish is suffering from lumbago.

[We are unfortunately unable to print further communications from our correspondents this week owing to brain-pressure on vacuity.—Ed.]

SUGGESTIONS FOR AN EXTRA TEST MATCH.

(By a Thoroughly Practical Organiser.)

THAT the first innings be played in England, and the second in Australia. That the eleven be sixteen, so that the choice may be larger.

That the bowling be revised, and the old rules restored.

That a Colonial not to be an Englishman, and an Englishman not to be a Colonial.

That everything be equal, and no advantage be allowed to either side.

That all the expenses be paid somehow, but gate money be abolished.

That the best side be allowed to win on the plain understanding that both sides are equal.

After a Visit to the Zoo.

Uncle Jim. Well, TOMMY, which is your favourite animal?

Master Tommy. Oh, the yellipump was so large, and the hittipopotimus had on an ugly mackintosh. I fink I liked the guinea-pig best.



A REAL GRIEVANCE.

Porter at Junction. "PHEW! ALL THIS LUGGAGE REGISTERED IN ADVANCE AND NOT A BLOOMIN' TIP DO I GET FOR HANDLING IT."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

MR. WILFRED WOOLAM, believing that I am not, save owing to some accident or blunder, ignoring *Child Illa and Other Poems*, by WILFRED WOOLAM (Sheffield, J. A. BAIN; London, SIMPKIN AND MARSHALL), ventures to ask if the volume duly reached me. Many influential journals, it appears, failed to receive their allotted copies, and *Punch* may have failed where neither the *Spectator* nor the *Daily Chronicle*—so Mr. WOOLAM informs me—succeeded. I know not. On the Baron's shelves are many volumes, and perchance on some inaccessible shelf *Child Illa* may be reposing, with the dust of eight months lying thick upon her. Step-ladders and investigation are alike unnecessary, I am glad to say, for Mr. WOOLAM, with a generosity that does equal credit to his heart and his head, has sent me a fresh copy of his soul's outpourings, which, at his special request, I now proceed to examine.

It appears that in an ancient land, date uncertain ("when it boots none to know," says Mr. WOOLAM), a knight had been for seven years engaged in the seductive and mysterious occupation of riding to and fro over the turf and by the surf. He was all alone, "But letters from the king he bore And the mien of high degree," just as on a celebrated occasion Miss Bolus went home in a flood of tears and a sedan chair. This knight never supped twice in the same place ("And never twice o'er festive board His smile or jest was thrown"), but having supped, he saddled and flew—I retain in my prose as much as possible of the original poetry—sighing "Not there," while "his steed's hoofs cried, 'The Past! The Past! The Past!'" which, I may remark in passing, is cry that the merely mortal hoofs of no self-respecting earthly steed have ever emitted in my hearing. But then I never heard them say "Proputty," or anything else, so I daresay Mr. WOOLAM is right all the same. However, the knight came to *Child Illa's* castle, and stayed there seven days. *Child Illa*, it should be noted, was a lady; she had nothing to do with *Childe Harold* or *Childe Roland*, who to the dark tower came; she was a different sort of child altogether, and the mysterious knight fell in love with her—in fact, he went on loving her till, by a pine-roofed, lonely shrine, he told her his name was *Dondelume*. This didn't startle her at all, for when the knight added that none knew it, and that 'twas seven years gone since one had called him *Dondelume*, she merely remarked, "It will be known to fame." Shortly after this there was a battle, though I can't quite make out what it was about, and Sir *Dondelume* took part in it. Just before it began he received from *Child Illa* a curt message which made his face and his heart as clay. This message ran: "My lady's thanks to the stranger knight, Her compliments and good-bye." Sir *Dondelume* spurred into the fray and performed the prodigies that are usually associated with mediæval, armour-clad combats. Eventually, however, when The sun's last ray showed ghastly-gay Stained banners, broken arms, Glad gallant knights, sad sickening sights: War's horrors and its charms—eventually, as I say, Sir *Dondelume* was struck by an arrow, a style of weapon which it was seemingly unfair to employ, and died, after having received a final visit from *Child Illa*, thus bringing the poem to a somewhat unhappy conclusion.

There are many other poems, but I cannot deal with all. I may mention, however, "Mr. Smith," of whom the author says:

Of him no rich and kind papa,
No scheming poor mamma afraid is;
He's lots of friends—is loved—yah, bah!—
By two sweet ladies.

Mr. WOOLAM evidently has a hearty dislike for "that beast, that dog, That four-legged SMITH" (note the crescendo of the epithets), and not without reason, for either of these two sweet ladies might have been Mr. WOOLAM's bliss, had not the four-legged one intervened. But a poet's lot is traditionally unhappy, and women often bestow their affections on strange monsters. There are 342 pages in Mr. WOOLAM's book.

Most interesting and entertaining is the volume of *Pickwickian Studies*, by PERCY FITZGERALD, published by the New Century Press, thereby suggesting that here, at least, is a work which the new century, with its new types of men and manners, will not willingly let die. The labour bestowed by Mr. PERCY-VERING FITZGERALD on the details of so many Pickwickian scenes is amazing. Had CHARLES DICKENS confided the scheme, or scenario, of some of his most farcical situations to his keenly critical admirer, it is highly probable that many of them, including that of *Mr. Pickwick* in the spinster's bed-room, would never have been written. The genius that gave *Pickwick* to the



Little Ethel. "MR. RICH, WE'RE NOT ALL MADE OF DUST, ARE WE?"
Mr. Rich (benignly). "YES, MY DEAR."
Little Ethel (triumphantly). "OH, WELL, YOU AREN'T, 'COS PAPA SAYS YOU SPRUNG FROM NOTHING!"

world was above all rules except those that manage stage effect. Who for the first time in the full enjoyment of a comic situation in *Pickwick* would have cared, at the moment, to inquire into the probabilities? Now, when all the scenes and characters are so familiar to us, Mr. PICKWICK FITZGERALD's *Pickwickian Studies* sends us back to the book itself with freshly awakened interest. By the way, Mr. FITZGERALD recounts how *Boots at the White Horse* was played in 1843 at the Ipswich Theatre, and "This," says Our Percy-vering historian "was, of course, our old friend *Boots at the Swan*, which FRANK ROBSON, later, made his own." "FRANK" is a slip of the memory for "FRED." It was FRED. ROBSON, "Little ROBSON," who made one of his exceptional successes as *Jacob Earwig*, in the farce of *Boots at the Swan*, a character originally played, if the Baron remembers rightly, by KEELEY.

The *Crime in the Wood*, as bottled off by T. W. SPEIGHT, in twenty-one chapters (JOHN LONG, yes—decidedly *long*), had better have been left where it was, i.e., in the wood. It is a story that, years ago, might have served some dramatist as a melodramatic plot for the Adelphi or Princess's, and before that, for the good old "transpontine theatres." Had the materials of this story been adroitly dealt with, after the manner of *Sherlock Holmes*, and had the style been modernised, it might have served the purpose of beguiling a leisure hour.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

"OVER!"

Now with this man I'll make a match,
For all report him a good catch.
He asked me on the popping-crease,
And swore his love would never cease.



Traveller (to Irish porter labelling luggage). "DON'T YOU KEEP A BRUSH FOR THAT WORK, PORTER?"

Porter. "NO, YER HONOUR. OUR TONGUES IS THE ONLY INSTRUMINTS WE'RE ALLOWED. BUT—THEY'RE AISY KEP' WET, YER HONOUR!"

[Hint taken.]

"LET US GO HENCE."

LET us go hence, my tongue ! they would not hear
Not though we tempted them by talking sense ;
Even a new joke would not draw a cheer ;
Let us go hence !

The SPEAKER's pew is empty ; gone the mace ;
Gone, too, the lone hat of the last M.P. ;
Let us go hence, my tongue ! it is no place
For you and me.

For now the politician's pulse is stirred,
He pants for other gayer scenes than this ;
Northward he moves to give the early bird
A safety miss ;

All ways he radiates to summer seas,
A bucket and a spade in either hand,
To build his castles in unclosedure ease
Upon the sand.

Though Oom be obstinate as any swine,
Though all the hounds of war be ripe to slip,
No less our friends will practise in the brine
Their daily dip.

The Primate may pronounce the censer's use
Improper save for sanitary needs,
No less our vagrants on the air will loose
Their lightish weeds.

The lagging Season lurches out of mind
Where limbo waits it, easy to forget ;
Silly it was, and now there looms behind
A sillier yet.

The giant gooseberry renews its strength ;
The monster serpent, comatose in caves,
Lithely unravels all his lustrous length
And rules the waves.

The publishers sit by the running brooks
Or wait till autumn for the leaves to fall ;
Meantime we pass from undistinguished books
To none at all.

Solitude settles on the torpid town ;
A paltry million here and there remains ;
Almost alone the cracksman saunters down
Suburban lanes.

Hunger and Duty and the burglar's aim—
Mere Art for Art's sake—hold their imprisoned prey ;
Only the ornamental workers claim
Their need of play.

"Peace !" cries the minor bard, and folds his wings ;
Round at the Hague the Huis-ten-Boschers cease ;
Peace is their prayer, peace even from the things
That make for Peace.

AT GOODWOOD.

*Miss de Courcy (the famous Polynesian Soprano). Why is there
a "birdless grove" here ?*

*Lord Chesterfield Smith (gallantly). Because the birds knew
that a siren was in the neighbourhood.*

Brute of a Bookmaker. Any price Bird of Paradise !

PERHAPS.—If things go right in a Chamberlainic direction,
Johannesburg may be renamed Joechamberlainesburg or simply
Joe-hannesburg.



A FREE HAND!

HARTHUR B. (to the Butler). "WELL, THANK 'EVINS, MR. SALISBURY, THEY 'VE ALL LEFT THE 'OUSE!"
JOE (the Buttons). "NOW WE CAN DO JUST AS WE LIKE, AND NO QUESTIONS ARST."

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"TWO LITTLE DEMOISELLES FROM SCHOOL."

First Little Demoiselle. "I DON'T WANT TO BE MARRIED, AND I DON'T WANT TO BE AN OLD MAID."

Second Little Demoiselle. "THEN GET MARRIED AND BE DIVORCED!"

FROM A BACHELOR UNCLE'S DIARY.

"THIS post brings last instalment of my nephews' 'encyclopaeder.' Seems to treat several subjects within very limited space. Glad my small remittance appears to have been appreciated."

DEAR UNCLE CHARLEY.—Thanks orfy for your jenrous tip which I devided between me and STINKER according to seennyourrority I meen that ass Ime a yeer older I took a trifool maw than him I bort that Cricket batt its a stunner Hoping youle like the inklosed,

Your affeckshunt nephew MAX.

P.S.—The price of this wrucks a bob We maik the littul fellers rite it orl out and give them 3d this shows a hansom prophet.

Riding.—You do it with a hoarse and a saddel and bridel and stirps Wen it trots you rice jently and then come down agane holding on well by the hoarse's hed and if nessessary by the saddel ass well Wenever you fall orf mind he dussent step upon you Riding is mutch reckommended for the liffur but shood not be indulged in to eggssess ass it herts orfy afterwoods.

Shooting.—This seams dangerus at first becos the beginner will frequently let off his gun without meening to and wen it hits a keeper thers an orfle row but you must Percyveer and orl difficultys will be smounted The Cartrige shoud never be put in the hole at the top and ramd down as formally but now thers a hinge and you lode from there and not from the muscle of the gun You shut one eye and look along the barl ass you aim at the vicktym then shut both eyes and pull the trigur it maiks an orfle row thats the wurst of it Its not a bad doge to wate till anudder fellor shutes at a cuffey of birds and then fire too and say thats my bird I think Praps the fellor will look sick but that dussent matter This is only reckermended to the kneeofite ass the eggspurt will find it unnessery.

Skating.—This is an eggssillyrating tho slipy sport One of our fellers can cut 8es at least he ses so but its rather funny that he ses he carnt do it wen ennyones looking This creates distrussred I dont bleeve mutch in fellers who can only do things wen no ones looking do you You begin by holding on to another fellor if heal let you and then you strike out furst one foot and then the uther till you fall down then you get up and do it agane till your profishent Grone up peopple orways look solum wen their skating but this is purely opshonal.

Sliding.—Is like skating You taik a run then stick your feet together and slide If you fall sum uther fellers shure to fall

over you but taik it in good part and do not cherrish angry felines and do not hit him for doing what he canot help, unless its one of the littul fellers then of coarse I shood joly well smak his hed.

Swimming.—A plesant parstime mutch in voag wenever thers enuff water to do it in I saw a fellor jump off the Peer at Shrimpton but I think he was an ass dont you it was 200 feet high or 20 feet I forget witch Strike out boley and with comphidince Larst harf I was striking out boley wen I hit RAWLINSON minor on the nose he sed you clumpsy rotter what are you doing I sed shut up young blob-face or Ile give you a joly good liking arster school Ass England is an Iland suroundid by water every Brittish boy shood lern to swim.

FINIS—THE END—THATS ORL.

PATRIOTICS.

(From a Traveller's Log-book.)

I.—THE LONDON BUS.

O SHADE of Shillibeer,

The Bus's pioneer,

Return again to London Town and note our modern traffic!

Come back and take a ride,

Sit, as of old, inside

And at our sixty years' advance your joy will be seraphic!

Mark, how when Fahrenheit

Reads ninety, we sit tight

Within a box on wheels, whence draughts are carefully excluded;

How we progress along,

An ever-hurrying throng,

Five miles an hour, which almost is a faster pace than you did!

At night the feeble ray

Of one oil lamp will stay

The passengers from wasting time and money o'er the papers;

And then in exit rash,

Against the roof you 'll smash

Your topper, which is good for trade—so say the silk-hat shapers!

Note, too, our lovely roads

Paved in all kinds of modes—

They're up-and-down (more often "up") and full of sweet surprises;

With pleasure will you jump,

For instance, as you bump

To Kensington or Notting Hill o'er holes of different sizes.

As for electric trams,

They're nasty foreigns shams,

And so's an awning, waiting-room, or correspondence-ticket;

JOHN BULL prefers to rush

(Like football-serum) and crush—

The stuffy, lumbering London Bus has precious few to lick it!



ODD MAN OUT.

A Genuine Peace Conference.

The newspapers say that Mr. McKinley and Sir Wilfrid Laurier will meet while both are on holiday, and that "they will settle the Alaskan matter off hand." Mr. Punch ventures to submit a simple method of arbitration not suggested at the Hague.

**SUNSET IN THE PARLIAMENTARY "OERLAND."**

IN THE EARLY DAYS OF AUGUST THESE LOFTY AND INTERESTING EMINENCES VANISH INTO DARKNESS AND SILENCE. THEY REAPPEAR IN FEBRUARY.

(Our Artist regrets he is unable to give an idea of the magnificent gallery that divides the two pages.)



TRIALS OF A NOVICE.

Unfeeling Passer-by. "SAY, MISTER! ARE YOU FLY-FISHING OR 'EAVING THE LEAD?"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, July 31.—MR. GEDGE has no confidence in the LORD CHANCELLOR, regarded as a dispenser of legal patronage. Himself a family man, he thinks the virtue of family affection may be carried too far. Hence his desire to interpose to-night in debate on proposal to create a new judge.

"All very well," said Mr. GEDGE. "No objection to increasing strength of the bench. But with whom is to rest the appointment to so desirable a preferment?"

The SPEAKER, smelling a rat, blandly suggested that before the line of argument were pursued it would be necessary to show its relevancy.

"Exactly, my Lud," said Mr. GEDGE, momentarily led astray by the judicial tone of SPEAKER's remarks. "It stands thus. If this new judge is to be appointed by the LORD CHANCELLOR, some of us might have want of confidence in the LORD CHANCELLOR."

The SPEAKER was now convinced. He not only smelt the rat. He saw it moving in the air.

"That," he said, "is too remote."

Hard, this, on Mr. GEDGE, who, early in the Session, prepared a few remarks on general subject of LORD CHANCELLOR'S distribution of patronage. For long time notice of motion on subject stood on paper in his honoured name. Had no luck at the ballot; seemed as if opportunity had fled; when here comes this motion by PRINCE

ARTHUR on question of creating new judge. MR. GEDGE's eagle eye discerned his opportunity. Hunted up notes of discarded speech; brought them down to House, and looked forward to pleasant evening.

Then comes the bland SPEAKER with the abhorred shears and cuts him up on points of order.

Again and again he returned to the attack. Ever the shears closed with swift snap. At length Mr. GEDGE dropped back in his seat, defeated, oppressed with expectation that the LORD CHANCELLOR, thus delivered out of his hands, would beat his own record in the appointment to the new judgeship.

"Rather hard on GEDGE, I must say," observed SARK. "I like his bull-dog tenacity. House may laugh at him or yell. SPEAKER may rule him out of order; if he thinks he's on the right tack he comes up serene, indomitable. Never has had quite fair play. House from beginning insisted on regarding him as a joke, and keeps it up. If they would only listen to him they would find he usually knows what he's talking about, and puts his case well. Reminds me of another legal luminary, whose fame lives in a couplet:

Persuasion tips his tongue whene'er he talks,
And he has chambers in the King's Bench Walks."

Business done.—Quite a lot.

Tuesday. — *Nemo me impune lacessit*: which, freely translated, means "The Lords had better not touch TIM HEALY's Bill." Unmindful of their doom, they

riddled the Dublin Corporation Bill, which a few weeks ago TIM triumphantly carried through the Commons. To-day it comes back almost unrecognisable by its anguished parent. Not a time for idle tears. Must stir up Commons to revolt against the tyranny of the other chamber.

In vain CARSON urged that if Lords' amendment be disagreed with Bill will be lost. TIM recalls the fine scene in CORNEILLE's play, where Horace laments the disgrace he insists has been brought upon his name by the flight of his son in combat with the Curiaces.

"*Que vouliez-vous qu'il fit contre trois?*" asks Julie.

"*Qu'il mourût,*" the old man passionately responds.

"You'll kill your Bill if you insist on this course," said CARSON.

"Let it die," said TIM.

In vain EDWARD CLARKE, shocked at prospect of affront to an assembly that numbers in its ranks two archbishops and four and twenty bishops, called upon the Government to come to the rescue. Ministers stood aside and let TIM fight it out untrammeled by the Whips. Members in both camps, delighted at opportunity of giving the Lords what *Dick Swiveller's* friend, the *Marchioness*, used to call "a wonner," trooped into the lobby, guided by the light that flashed from TIM's sword. When figures announced it was found that the Lords had been beaten by more than three to one. Business done.—Merrily mopping up work of the session.



"HOW GENTLE LOVE THE SOUL TRANSFORMS!"

Lizzie. "OH, WOT A LOVELY PLACE 'AMPSTEAD IS! AIN'T IT, 'ARRY?"
 'Arry. "YUS. 'AMPSTEAD 'UD BE ORL RIGHT IF IT WASN'T FEE THE NARSTY COMMERN
 PEOPLE WOT YER MEET 'ERE ON A BANK 'OLERDAY."

THE GREAT—UNKNOWN.

IN London you may ever find
 Great Britain's "lions," from the latest
 Financier to the men of mind,
 The best and greatest.

Some great men always must and will
 Be recognised by lounging gapers,
 Thanks to the comic and the ill-
 -illustrated papers.

At B-as, Lord S., or ARTHUR B.,
 The ill-mannered crowd will stare un-
 duly;

They know their B-RNS and JOEY C.,
 And even H-L-Y.

While some, of whom the public talk,
 In various ways of light and leading,
 By kinder fate unnoticed walk
 Through crowds unheeding.

Of folks who study those they meet
 'Tis known to very few beholders
 How many great men in the street
 With them rub shoulders.

For instance, there's your vis-à-vis
 Inside a 'bus or third-class smoker—
 A statesman, whom you took to be
 Some sort of broker!

That stolid-looking lump of clay—
 Is X., detective, London's smartest!
 That shabby clerk—is JONES, R.A.,

The well-known artist!

The pushing person you rebuke,
 On whom you pour your wrath's full
 vials—

May chance to be the noble "Duke
 Of Seven Dials!"

The stranger with the queer-shaped head
 And not the snowiest of collars
 You try to snub—is Doctor Z.,
 The prince of scholars!

In this a pretty moral lies.

Of seeming scallawags a few are,
 It may be, great men in disguise—
 As great as you are.

Then be less haughty and constrained,
 Discard the stiffness of the steeple;
 Some unawares have entertained—
 Distinguished people.

Reader, it even well may be
 That somewhere, though you did not
 know it,
 You've had the luck to meet with ME,
 The blameless Poet!

LOOKING AHEAD.

1900. The London University successfully established in the Imperial Institute.

1901. Branch Establishment of the Royal College of Surgeons located in the School of Mines.

1902. Royal College of Physicians annex Diploma Gallery of R.A. for a lecture-hall.

1904. British Museum put at the service of the Governing Body of the new Technical Knowledge Society.

1906. Passing of the Act for Improving the Condition of the Public by utilizing Places of Recreation in the Cause of Progress. Short Title, Abolition of Cakes and Ale Bill.

GUP FROM GIB.

SOME time ago the morning papers published a home letter from a young Guardsman at Gibraltar. Here is another from the same shrewd observer. His spelling is hazy, but his glance is keen.

Barracks, Gibraltar, Monday.

MY DERE MAIMIE,—Sumwuns gon and printed the letter I sent you and now the Generuls and Guverners that I told you about are orl orful mad and I feel just like wun duz wen wuns swoller'd orl the shoher and Nurs cum along. Thare ar sum Orful Big secrtes here and thay ar told to orl the furrin peopple that cum here to look at us just so's to friten them.

Tuday I am playin at Tom Tiddler's Ground, its a drefful funny game. I stop in a place corld Gard and a lot of sentrys stand outside pertendin to stop the Spaniards from runnin onto our ground when nowuns lookin. Thay no its onely play coz nowun wood cum heer in the Summer if he hadent got to but it dont do no harm coz the sentrys hav onely got old guns to play with that carnt go orf.

Thare ar a grate lot of Mareens heer sumtimes, they say this is a orful nice place but thots only coz the Guverner told them so and o corse thay berlievd him, thayd be orful clever peepel if everiwan didnt orlwase go tellin them silly storys. Orl sorts of things gro heer.

The ensines lyke this place a lot coz moostarches gro heer just as quick as mustard and kres Sum hav got horrid way wuns ime goin to send yoo pickheers ov them with thare names underneeth as soon as I lern to dror proper.

I think it was a drefful mistake bildin Gibrolter heer it ort to hav bin put up at Earls Cort sunware in the shade.

I sharnt put my name at the end of this coz ime orful yung and onely just joind and ort to be sittin still sayin nuffin.

But its orl quvite troo.

POST CARD

THE ADDRESS ONLY TO BE WRITTEN ON THIS SIDE

Miss Lydia Lawson
 317 Lower Grosvenor St.
 London



THE EFFECT OF A FORTNIGHT'S HOLIDAY IN
 WALES ON YOUR SPELLING.